

The Attempted Assassination of the President.

A few months ago the civilized Nations of the world were thrown into excitement by the news of the assassination of the Czar of Russia. The event was broadly discussed in its bearings on rigorous or oppressive forms of Government, and the United States was one of the few great countries which seemed to be able to look on the tragedy in any other light than that of a warning. The attempt on the life of President Garfield produces a shock which cannot be fairly measured by words or comparisons. The last notable killing of a great ruler, prior to the bloody work of yesterday, was the end of a life which had been tortured, for the greater part of it, by the immensity of violent death. The Czar had been frequently in peril, and in his later years was so encompassed by murderous organizations that he was substantially a prisoner in his palace, only venturing forth under strong guard. He belonged to a family of Emperors ruling over a people who had been sorely oppressed, and tell a victim to the revenge of spirits which his predecessors barely escaped. His sudden taking off was not a surprise to thinking people who had studied the Government of which he was the head; yet it conveyed an almost world-wide shock, and all newspaper readers remember the unsparing terms in which assassination was denounced, however oppressive the Government or however grievous and irremediable wrong upon the people might be. If the tragic removal of the chief man in a Government so glaring as that of Russia so touched the sensibilities of just and enlightened people everywhere, how much more shocking is the assassination of the President of the United States, under whom the people are enjoying peace and plenty and the largest liberty consistent with the welfare of humanity! The Czar was a hereditary ruler, belonging to a line whose history was backened by the worst oppressions—an autocrat, between whom and the people soldiers filed and bayonets bristled. President Garfield is a man of the people, accessible to the humblest citizen of the Republic—a man who came from the lowly walks of life without forgetting his primordial loves and associations, and who has brilliantly illustrated in his work the possibilities of such a Government as ours for those who move forward by intellectual powers and industry. He came fresh from the people, and for many years, while serving in Congress, he returned to his constituency annually for their endorsement and lived with a simplicity becoming a candidate for the suffrages of a yeomanlike community. He was a man fit to justify the pride of the American that our Chief Magistrate might safely walk forth unattended, while companies of soldiers could not save the crowned heads.

The assassination of such a President in a country like this, in a time of profound peace, is a crime which cries out for some word of multiplied force to convey its gravity. It is the desperate deed of a wretch whose mere existence presents one of the greatest dangers to society. Garfield is a deliberate butcher, upon whom philosophy is wasted, and who should be separated by a mighty barrier from the mankind sympathy which so frequently tempers the fate of remorseless murderers. It will be with indignation that the people of this country will receive the slight suggestion of insanity which has already been communicated. When the President of the United States lies weeping in his blood, it is no time to draw fine lines or split hairs in discussing the mental condition of his murderer. It is time to relegate "experts" and sharp practitioners to a respectful distance.

In a matter so full of moment as a murderous attack on the President property does not require a postponement of discussion of political movements leading to or growing out of it. The event of yesterday must lead to bitter reflections and heart-burnings among men prominent in affairs. What was the motive which led to the assassination of the President? There was no war, such as was just closing when the revered Lincoln came to his tragic end. In the sixteen years succeeding the assassination of Lincoln three Presidents have served to the end of their terms unmolested. There was no social or Communist upheaval. There was no exciting contest between the two great parties. There was not the incentive of a depressed condition of monetary affairs; on the contrary, the country, in the natural turning of events, is rapidly recovering from a period of distress. The only suggestion of an incentive to the attack is in the words of the assassin himself, who declared that he was a Stalwart and wanted to make Arthur President. By this statement, Garfield may have kindled an indignation that he thought not of. However unpleasant it may be to those who are prominently engaged in the factional fight in the Republican party at this time, and however unjust the reflection upon them, the people will take notice of the slightest circumstance, and now this is the only circumstance to note. It leads naturally, without the intervention of a bridge, to reflection upon politics in the immediate future. In the event of the death of Garfield, Chester A. Arthur, a Stalwart, and the managing politician of the chief of the Stalwarts, becomes President of the United States. What effect will this have? The answer to the question must be speedy and decisive. Will the Stalwarts take full possession of the Government? Will General Arthur wipe out the work of Garfield and his followers? Will the Senatorial contest in New York be brought to an end, in favor of Conkling, by the return to the Stalwart grasp of official patronage and jobbery in place? Will Robertson be ousted from the Custom-house? Will the Cabinet be demolished and Garfield's friends everywhere overthrown? Will Ohio be punished?

The natural drift would seem to be toward all this; but public indignation may outrun it all. The other wing of the Republican party may rise up and barricade the path of these politicians with a cry of "Shame!" which will be so loud that it shall appear to have substance and form. The overarching aggressiveness of the Stalwart element may result in building up Blaine or some other man or men intimately con-

nected with the late President. Peace at least will not follow, and the plainest indications point to the early death of a party which was born in 1856.

The immediate result may be the accession to the Presidency of a party politician, who is incapable of taking the primary steps in statesmanship—a type of all that is vicious in the plunder system of politics. The assassination of the President is calamitous in itself. The calamity will be magnified by the advance of a New York managing politician to the Executive Chair.

The country will lay aside the important political considerations growing out of the distressing tragedy long enough to extend deep sympathy to the wife of the dead President—a gentle lady who, notwithstanding her modest reticence, was so well known to be a helpmeet indeed to her husband that she commanded the whole respect of the people. There was the very simplicity of eloquence in the message which the stricken President directed to be sent to his wife. "Give her my love," he said. By her love, by her participation in the intellectual pursuits in which he delighted, by the helping hand which was never withdrawn for an instant, by the encouraging voice which never wavered, has James A. Garfield been helped on to dignities and honors which few men of his years attain. It was it that a man who had so much of sentiment, of poetry, of domestic delight, should, in a moment of his travail, send a loving message to one whose chief prop was his career.

And who can measure the sorrow of the venerable mother, who, at her home in Mentor, will hear the dreadful tidings! There is a tender, though sorrowful, touch of sentiment in the survival of a woman who nurtured a boy through poverty, fortified him with precept, watched him through a career of war and statesmanship, and presented the greatest country on the globe with a President.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*, July 3.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

—The Democratic party will never again be denounced as the party of assassination.

—Said Clymer, of Pennsylvania, in a speech about "Star-route" contracts, delivered in Congress: "Brady is a violator of the law, and were it in my power he should suffer as a malefactor." It was in President Hayes' power to retain him as an official, and with his eyes open as to the facts, he did so.

—Counting the whole probable strength of a united and harmonious Republican party in the next Congress, there is no chance for a Republican majority of more than two. What fun there will be for the Democrats in holding every one of the 149 Republicans constantly in the traces. They will have no time to be sick or lazy.

—A Columbus special to the *Stalwart* Republican paper, the *New York Commercial-Advertiser*, takes a doleful view of the political situation in Ohio. It says that "the Republicans of Ohio are not looking forward with confidence to a victory in October. They are anything but buoyed up with hope and know that a desperate fight is before them, in which the chances are on their side."

—There has been too much space wasted in the Administration papers with details about the way the "Star-route" ring got its money. It would be vastly more interesting, as well as more to the point, if they told their readers where the money went. How much Hubbell screwed out of Brady in response to Garfield's pathetic petition for aid, and what he did with this part of the "Star-route" swag, is what people most want to know all about.

—What a contrast between the Grant of 1868 and the Grant of to-day! The reticent soldier has been transformed into the garrulous politician, who talks freely to all the reporters, and makes speeches upon every occasion. It must be owned that the General has some reason for the heat which he shows on the subject of Conkling. Conkling has always stood by Grant, and it has been quite evident that his regard for the ex-President has been the main ingredient in the Administration's hostility towards him. U. S. Grant is the last man in the world who can stand that sort of thing.—*Cleveland Plaindealer*.

—Senator Dawes stands by Mahone. He has written a letter declaring that he can not see why any Republican should not combine with Mahone. He begs that there will be an alliance with Mahone. The election in Virginia this fall is purely a State affair, except that the Legislature to be chosen will elect a United States Senator. The question in the election is one for State settlement only. It doesn't concern Dawes, or any other person, save so far as he would prefer to see honesty practiced. The Democrats desire to pay the State debt. The Readjusters, led by Mahone, desire to scale it down. They are republicans, and in favor of an alliance with Mahone. Dawes puts himself upon record as a republican.

—The character of Senator Sessions, the mouth-piece of the Administration at Albany, and the man who attempted to bribe Bradley is recalled by the *Boston Herald*. It says, speaking of his early career as a lobbyist at Albany: "While his brother, Walter L., was a State Senator, and a special committee was investigating a charge of bribery, Loren B. Sessions was the man accused of corrupting legislators, and when called to the stand and sworn he admitted, with perfect sang froid, having received a large sum of money to influence legislation. 'Will you tell us, on your oath, said the Chairman, in an impressive manner, 'whether your brother, the Senator, has directly or indirectly received, or expects, or is to receive, any of this money?' 'Sir,' replied the witness, with much dignity, fixing the Chairman with his glittering black eye and giving a meditative twirl to the diamond cluster that sparkled on his bosom, 'you don't know me. I never divide!' And this is the man who is attempting to defeat Conkling."

—A New Haven youngster is a complete rat-trap. He catches the rodents in his hands as they run into holes, grabbing them just behind the ears, and the other day captured twelve out of fourteen as they were driven out of an ash-pile.

Simple but Important Suggestions.

Many complain of a very peculiar and offensive taste in some parts of poultry, particularly in turkeys, geese and ducks. They can not understand why this should be so, when other parts are perfectly sweet and palatable. It is always the lower part of the body of the fowl—the back, side bones, etc.; and unless the bird is on the verge of real decay, from having been kept too long, and quite unfit for use, it is usually the inside of these pieces, that come in contact with the entrails, that are objectionable. We find no difficulty in discovering both the cause and the remedy, at least to our own satisfaction.

Many cooks object to washing poultry at all after cleaning them, but claim that wiping them with a dry cloth is quite sufficient. We can not think this idea is neat or advisable, and are sure we could detect this unpleasant flavor in any bird, wild or tame, that has not been carefully washed. We should earnestly advise giving them a thorough washing in good cold water, but by no means allowing them to remain in the water a moment longer than is necessary to perfect cleansing of all the parts. Drain them from the water, wipe clean and dry, then pour over them cold salt and water. Drain immediately, hanging them up by the neck a few minutes; wipe again, and put a clean piece of charcoal inside, and put in a cool, dry place. Never lay poultry on a platter or in a dish after cleansing, but hang up where there is free circulation of cold air and no sun on them. Very many cooks put their poultry on a large platter, and put it in the refrigerator—a very bad plan. They soak in the juices that will naturally be found in the platter, and will be clammy and sodden.

Then much attention should be given by the mistress to the cloths used to wipe meat, fish or poultry with. There should be separate cloths for each kind, and those cloths should be marked distinctly, kept separate from dish-cloths and towels, and kept as clean and nice as soap and water, a good boiling, thorough rinsing, and perfect drying can keep them. Housekeepers who do not give close attention to these things would be shocked if they should now and then catch a glimpse of some of the cloths on which their dishes are wiped, and with which their meat, fish, and poultry are also dried. Continual watchfulness is necessary to thorough cleanliness.

We give an excellent way to prepare a chicken that has been carefully cleaned.

Steam, or, if that is not convenient, boil, a young chicken. If boiled, use as little water as possible. When quite tender, pick all the flesh from the bones in quite small pieces, and put into a porcelain saucepan. If steamed in a closely covered vessel, there will be a half tea-cupful of liquor or juice from the chicken; put that to the chicken. If boiled, reduce the water in which it was cooked by boiling down to a tea-cupful, and put that to the chicken. Have the water or the juice boiling hot when put to the chicken. Beat a quarter of a pound of butter till it is light cream; add gradually two even teaspoonfuls of flour; beat till perfectly smooth and free from lumps; beat the yolks of two eggs very light; add to the butter; then beat all till like foam, and put in what salt and pepper may be needed. When the chicken and broth boil up, add this. Let it boil four or five minutes, but stir every moment, or it will lump. If relished, a little tomato catsup or Worcestershire sauce may be added. Pour on to delicately toasted bread, if liked, and serve hot. It is excellent.

Apple bread, if properly prepared, will be found a very desirable change or addition to table comforts.

Scald with boiling milk one quart of Indian meal—the yellow granulated meal is much the best. When cool, add a teaspoonful of salt, and stir to it one pint of ripe sweet apples chopped very fine, one well-beaten egg, and half a tablespoonful of butter. The butter may be beaten into the meal while it is still warm enough to mix thoroughly. Add a scant teaspoonful of dissolved soda. Mix into a stiff dough, adding as much sweet milk as needed for that purpose, and bake or steam. If steamed, let it cook three hours. One hour's baking will cook it, but it will not be so nice.

Sour apples will answer, but not so good, and will need one cup of sugar chopped in with them.

Very tough fresh meat may be made quite tender by soaking it in vinegar and water from six to twelve hours, according to the size of the piece. Three quarts of water and a little more than half a pint of vinegar will be enough for ten pounds. That quantity of meat should soak seven hours. Then wash, wipe dry, and cook as desired.

A spoiled egg will float on top of the water. The lower and quicker eggs sink in the water, the fresher they will prove to be, or, put the tongue to the large end of an egg, and if it feels warm it is fresh.

A very nice French toast may be made from slices of stale bread cut evenly. Beat two eggs very light, and put to one pint of sweet milk, and a little salt. Have a frying-pan or spider well heated and buttered. Dip the bread in the egg and milk, and fry a light brown on both sides. Send to the table hot, and eat with butter and syrup, or with pudding-sauce of any kind.

A very excellent and ornamental dish can be prepared in this way: Pare and core, without breaking or splitting open, some small-sized, tender, and juicy tart apples. Boil them very gently, with one lemon or one orange for every six apples; till a straw will pass clear through them easily. Make a syrup, while the apples are cooking, of half a pound of white sugar for each pound of fruit. When the syrup is ready, take the apples up, unbroken, with the lemons or oranges, and put into the syrup. Boil gently till the apples look clear. Again take up the fruit carefully, unbroken, and place close together in a dish. Then pour over them more of clarified lemon-glass to the syrup, and let it boil up. Lay a slice of lemon or orange on each apple, and pour the syrup over them. This is a pretty dish, and also very good.

—*Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in Harper's Bazar.*

—People looking for "warnings" will take notice that for the first time since 1660 the seventeen-year locusts and the thirteen year locusts appear in this country simultaneously.

Energy on Tap.

"I see that a Frenchman has got a patent for canned energy," observed Mrs. Spoonendyke, as she picked up a lot of cut-steel beads on a needle and began sewing them on medallions for dress-trimming.

"Got a what?" interrupted Mr. Spoonendyke, who was blacking his boots.

"Yes. He says he can put strength up in bundles and send it anywhere, so they can run ships and things without steam." He sent ever so much over to Scotland.

"What circus bill have you been reading now?" queried Mr. Spoonendyke, glancing at his wife.

"It's so," she replied. "I saw it in the *Eagle*. He does it up like preserves and it lasts ever so long, and it's just as fresh and strong when they open it as it was at first."

"Who puts it up? Who're you talking about?"

"A Frenchman. He gets a lot of strength and fixes it with electricity, and you can buy it anywhere. I'm going to get some and take it. It'll be just as good as going to the country, and may be it'll help my headaches. I suppose the Government will buy a lot of it for tramps."

"You gone crazy again?" demanded Mr. Spoonendyke. "What d'ye mean by putting strength in boxes? Think energy is some kind of dog-gasted fish? S'pose you can put main strength up in bottles like a measly shrimp? If you're going to read, why don't you read straight?"

"Why, I did. He has some kind of a machine and he makes energy so it will last; and then he solders it up in tins or something, so you can keep it in the house. I'm going to have some to do the washing."

"Does it strengthen up the mind of a dog-gasted idiot?" blurted Mr. Spoonendyke. "Can it make a measly Spoonendyke woman talk sense?"

"The paper didn't say; but if it is all they claim for it it will be a great help in house-cleaning and moving the step-ladder around when you want to hang pictures. And then it saves boiling beef tea. Oh, you ought to read about it. They say it's the greatest invention of the age."

"D'ye mean to tell me that they're selling muscle by the keg? Want me to understand that some frog-eater is keeping industry on draught? Think I'm an ass?"

"That's what the *Eagle* says," rejoined Mrs. Spoonendyke, with woman's implicit reliance on anything in print. "And they can make it in any quantity cheap, so we can have all we want. I wish you'd get some right off, and we'll try it on the Friday's sweepings."

"Quit!" howled Mr. Spoonendyke. "Stop making an idiot asylum of yourself! S'pose you can make me believe that house-cleaning comes in jugs? Think I'm going to believe that a week's wash comes in a box, like measly pills? Praps you want me to think that your dog-gasted stuff will pay the rent and run my business! Next time you strike a corn-sieve you read it understandingly, ye hear? Energy by the pint! Strength by the yard! Got that right sowed up in my pants?"

"Yes, dear," murmured Mrs. Spoonendyke, meekly; and Mr. Spoonendyke, having arrayed himself, plunged out of the house and made for the ferryboat.

"Hello, Spoonendyke!" saluted his friend Specklewottle, "see this thing in the paper about the Frenchman who is boxing up energy?"

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Spoonendyke, and I've been all the morning trying to explain it to my wife, but these women can't understand such things. How's stocks?"—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Called her Pass.

Yesterday was a gala day in the Recorder's office. Couple after couple, from all portions of the West, serenely faced the handsome clerk who has been assigned to the Marriage License Bureau, and suffered the necessary inquisition. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon a young workman, with overalls, checked shirt, and slouched hat, sidled up to a Deputy Recorder and confidentially whispered:

"Is this where a fellow gets his marryin' papers?"

"This is the place," replied the clerk.

"Well, I want some papers."

"All right, sir; where's the lady?"

"Lady! What lady?"

"Why, the young woman you intend to marry?"

"Oh! she's at home, of course."

"Well, we can't issue a license without certain information about the lady."

"I can tell you all about her. What do you want to know?"

"Her name, age, residence, and such like facts, and I presume you can't answer all the questions."

"Can't! Just try me."

"Innocent artlessness," murmured the clerk; "how old is she?"

"She told me she was just nineteen years old."

"Then I'll wager she is twenty-nine. What artless innocence," the clerk whispered. "What is her first name?"

"I was trying to think."

"In the meantime, what is her last name?"

"I don't exactly remember that, either. In fact, I don't think I ever heard it. But I suppose that it's of no consequence."

"Good heavens, man! What on earth do you call her?"

"Well, I call her Pass; but I never thought to ask if that was her real name."

There was an audible snicker throughout the Recorder's office, and the candidate was advised to bring in his engaged partner for further information.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

—The American mosquito has appeared in England, and the inhabitants of that country, who are not thoroughly posted, imagine the insect to be a small specimen of the American buffalo they have read about.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*.

—The San Diego Tichborne claimant proves to be a fraud named Charles O. Ferris, who once appropriated the funds of the Vallejo Home Guards and afterward was run out of town because of swindling his neighbors in some bogus land schemes.

Our Young Folks.

JEREMY BLACK'S FOURTH OF JULY.

"I'll make a noise," said Jeremy Black, as the days drew nigh.

To the Fourth of July.

"I'll make more noise than a cannon or pack of fire-crackers, or pistol, or gun, or cracker-cracker. I'll have as much fun with fifty cents than the rest of the boys with a dollar's worth of powder and things—With fifty cents I will make more noise than all the rest of the town, by jings!"

So he went down to Abraham Brown, the tinker, to make the Blue Bell Inn, who mended the pans for all the town. And he got him to make a thing of tin. Then both of them tinkered and talked and planned.

Between the mending of pots and kettles, and darning the patterns with chalk in hand, until they managed the tinkering matter, and all the boys were eager to know what kind of a thing they kept tinkering so. Was it anything like a cannon, or rocket, or Roman candle, or pin-wheel, or gun? Was it small enough to go into his pocket? Or could he lift it when it was needed? Would the thing go off, or would powder go in it?

And a dozen of such like questions a minute, but Jeremy Black just gave a sly wink. And they could not tell what in creation to think.

So Fourth of July came around at last. And the day was fresh and the sun was bright.

Then just as soon as the night was passed, at the earliest dawn of the dewy light, the boys turned out. With noise and rout, and loud halloo and lusty shout, and racket of crackers, and boom and pop. And ringing of bells, and sizz and spitter, till good folks trying to sleep were wakened. And got up and closed the window and shut-door.

But Jeremy Black just turned in his bed, and lay down in the pillow he austed his head. And thought, with a grin, how the thing of tin would make enough noise to drown the din. At length he arose and dressed himself. And afterward managed his breakfast to eat.

Then took the thing from the wood-house shelf, and carried it with him out in the street. Now all the boys came running to see what over the wonderful thing could be. And lo! 'twas a fish-bone six feet long. "Now stand a little away," said he, "and you'll hear a noise so loud and strong and deep and mighty that it will drown all popping of guns and cannons in town." Then all the boys stood back while he stepped up to the fire-plug under the tree. And rested thereon the end of the horn. And took a breath that was long and deep. And blew as hard as he could since he was born. And out from the thing came—never a peep.

He stopped, and wiped his mouth for a minute. Then blew at the dickens were in it. He blew till the hair stood up on his head; he blew till everything swam around; he blew till his forehead and ears grew red; but out of the horn came—never a sound.

At first the boys were half afraid of the terrible sound that would soon be made.

But after awhile they began to chaff. And then to giggle, and then to laugh. For Jeremy knew that the noise was there—it only required a little more air.

Once more he blows till his muscles strain; Not a sound. And then he began to growl. Though he had endeavored with might and main, The horn was too large for him to blow!

MONDAY.

As one goes over this world of ours One frequently finds a Jeremy Black. Who overstates the natural powers Which Fate has granted him somewhat slack. Those people who build, though they may not know it, A horn so large that they never can blow it.—*Howard Pyle, in Harper's Young People.*

MY AUNT'S SQUIRRELS.

Perhaps it was because she hated cats.

My aunt's house is a large one—very like those you often see when traveling in the country—square, with windows all shut, silent doors and empty porches. The beauty of my aunt's house was its back yard and back door, with a great, flat stone step. A gate at the back of the yard opened on a lane, where trees grew on each side, and thickets, which, in summer, are full of birds, butterflies and blossoms. The deep roots are overgrown with grass; only the breezes pass to and fro, which flutter the leaves into little rustling songs. The back door led into a great kitchen, built ever so many years ago; the rafters were coffined colored, for my aunt would never have them whitewashed. Lots of things were stowed away among those rafters—pumpkin-seeds, ears of corn, bunches of herbs, an old saddle; and, in the winter, hams and links of sausage swung from the beams. Piles of paper bulged over their edges, and the rubbish of years was there, precious to my aunt, but useless to everybody else.

One day in autumn, Josh, my aunt's man-of-all-work, while hoisting a bag of dried beans into the rafters, discovered a pair of gray striped squirrels. He rattled the beans and "shooed," but they only skipped beyond his reach, chattering, and stood on their hind paws, making motions with their fore paws as if "shooing" Josh in return.

"I do believe, mem," he called to my aunt, "that these little thieves have come to eat up all my garden-seeds; but I can't make out why ground squirrels should roost up here."

"Let them be, Josh," said my aunt; "I'd rather have squirrels overhead than cats under feet; the creatures won't trouble me."

Nor did they, but when people talked in the kitchen, the squirrels chattered louder and faster than ever. Although they dropped seeds and straws on my aunt's muslin cap, and although Josh muttered about holes in bags, and muzz, and noise, she would not listen. She declared they were company for her, and she was certain they would not forget her friendliness toward them; they kept their distance, and were always the same bright, cheerful, happy little beings!

For all this, Josh pondered a plan, and carried it out. "Ground-squirrels," he argued, "had no business up in the air." So he prepared a bag, tackled the old horse to the wagon, caught the squirrels when my aunt went out, put them in the bag, and rode away up the lane and into the woods. When he got to a thick spot, dark with trees, he shook out the squirrels, turned about, and jogged home, with the satisfaction of having finished a good job, just a little dashed with dread of my aunt's scolding, which, any way, was not so bad as their chatter. Josh opened the kitchen door and went in. He seemed pleased him, and he began to rub his hands, as his way was when pleased. He cast his eyes upward and was instantly greeted with a merry chatter. The squirrels had got home before him, and were all the more lively for their voyage in the bag, the ride in the wagon, and the picnic in the woods!

"Marcy on me!" he cried, his hands falling apart. Just then the squirrels let drop a hickory-nut on the bald spot of Josh's head.

"I missed their noise," said my aunt; "they have been cunning enough to go out nutting."

"Yes," said poor Josh. "They are very cunning, mem; I know so much about them."

Either the indignity of the raid upon them, or the find of the hickory-nut, was too much for the squirrels; shortly after, they disappeared. My aunt was reminded more than once of their ingratitude, but all she said was—"Wait."

A cat was proposed for a pet once more. "No cats!" my aunt said, looking severely at Josh, who went out to the barn immediately.

When the spring came, and the lilac-bushes bloomed, I went to my aunt's—the old kitchen was my delight. We sat on the door-step in the afternoon when the sun-rays left the lane, and we could rest our eyes on the deep, cool green of tree and shrub. My aunt watched the way of the wind, where the birds flew, and the coming blossoms, and I watched her. Once, when I happened to be inside, I heard a suppressed, wondering cry from her, which made me hurry back; I saw her attention was fixed on the path below the step, and looked also, to see the most cunning procession that ever was. My aunt's gray squirrel was trotting toward us with tail curled up, and accompanied by four little ones exactly like her, with their mites of tails curled up also—two were on her back and two trotted beside her. She came up to my aunt fearlessly, and the little ones ran about us. Her motherly joy and pride were plain to be seen. The lilac-bush—it came from her companion, the father of the family, who watched the reception. My aunt sent me for pumpkin-seed, and to see them snipping the shells and feeding on the meat was a fine treat. The babies were about a finger's length, but their tails had as stiff a curl as their mamma's, and never got out of place. Many a day afterward the mother paraded the young ones on the door-step, and carried home her pouch full of pumpkin seed, but the father never put his dignity off to come any nearer than the lilac-bush.

"Now, you unbelieving Josh," called my aunt, once, "what do you say?"

"Say, mem," looking up at the rafters. "I say a cat might have druv them away."—*Elizabeth Toddard, in St. Nicholas.*

Nothing Finished!

I once had the curiosity to look into a little girl's work-box. And what do you suppose I found?

Well, in the first place, I found a "head purse," about half done; there was, however, no prospect of its ever being finished, for the needles were out, and the silk upon the spools was all tangled and drawn into a complete wisp. Laying this aside, I took up a nice piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought one board of a Bible, and beneath it the words, "I love—"; but what she loved was left for me to guess. Beneath the Bible board I found a sock, evidently commenced for some baby-foot; but it had come to a stand just upon the little heel, and there it seemed doomed to remain. Near to the sock was a needle-book, one cover of which was neatly made, and upon the other, partly finished, was marked: "To my dear—"

I need not, however, tell you all that I found there; but this much I can say, that during my travels through that work-box I found not a single article complete; and silent as they were, these half-finished, forsaken things told me a sad story about the little girl.

Think of me, then, that, with a heart full of generous affection, with a head full of useful and pretty projects, all of which she had both the means and the skill to carry into effect, she was still a useless child—always doing, but never accomplishing, her work. It was not a want of industry, but a want of perseverance.

Remember, my dear young friends, that it matters but little what great thing we merely undertake. Our glory is not in that, but in what we accomplish. Nobody in the world cares for what we mean to do; but everybody will open their eyes by and by to see what men and women and little children have done.—*Children's Friend.*

The New Sir Roger Tichborne.

Apparently we are never to hear the last of the Tichborne case. Two new claimants have appeared, one at Winnipeg and one at San Francisco. It may be thought that there is safety in numbers. If each of three claimants finds it easy to make out a good case, no mere good case will seem deserving of attention. The Winnipeg pretender cancels him of "Frisco," and he disposes of the unhappy nobleman languishing in Dartmoor. So people may think who know not British credulity, and how great is its swallow. The strong point of claimant number one was that he posed both as a butcher and a Baronet. Popular sympathy with butchers and Baronets united to honor him, and his friends forgot that he could not be both. What is to prevent reasoners of this sort from accepting a triad of claimants? They are three honest men, kept out of their own by a heartless aristocracy. Or if a romantic mind cannot take this view, it will argue that for so much smoke there must be some flame. If a real Sir Roger were not alive there could be no personality to cast three shadows of Sir Roger. The San Francisco claimant, too, is said by a good authority to be either the real man or "a most adroit impostor." Let us honor his genuine character in the former case or his adroitness in the second, and, perhaps, more probable event. One more, and there will be as many false Rogers as there were false Demetrius.—*London News.*

—Women are not so badly off in Turkey after all. A wife may abandon her husband's house for just cause, cannot be compelled to labor for her husband's support, can demand that he shall support her, and can borrow in his name or sell his property if he refuses to furnish her with funds. It is a penal offense for him to insult or ill-treat her; his oath is no better than hers on an property she may have possessed before marriage continues to be her own so absolutely after marriage that her husband cannot touch it.